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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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SCHNICK SCHNACK;

TRIFLES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

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LEIGHTON, BROTHERS.

SCHNICK SCHNACK

TRIFLES FOR THE LITTLE-ONES

LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE.
New York: 416, Broome Street.

LEIGHTON, BROTHERS.

A

SCHNICK SCHNACK;

Trifles for the Little Ones.

The sweet birds are singing,
The young lambs are springing,
The bells are all ringing
A merry chime.

Then let us go Maying,
For all things are playing,
In-doors there's no staying
In happy spring time.

Far away, far away,
Over the sea,
Oh, when will somebody
Come back to me!

Far away, far away,
Sadly I muse,
I'd fly with thee birdie,
If I might choose.

Far away, far away,
Birdie still sings,
But I can't fly away,
I have no wings.

Raindrops, raindrops as you fall,
I will try to catch you all;
Do not wet my dolly's head,
Drop into the tub instead.

Raindrops, raindrops everywhere,
On my face and on my hair,
On the flowers, and in the can,
In the street, and on the man.

Roses red, and lilies fair,
Daisies in a row,
Woodbine sweet and pansies rare,
In my garden grow.

Little blue forget-me-not,
With its yellow eye,
Always smiles and gives a nod
As I pass it by.

Violets play at hide and seek,
But I find them out,
Underneath their leaves they keep,
And watch what I'm about.

In summer the flowers
Are blooming around,
In winter they're sleeping
Under the ground.

C

Little sister, pray take care,
You are pulling out my hair.

Golden showers,
Falling tresses;
Love lies hid
In their soft meshes.

Two little ducks, and one little boy,

Swim in the water and greatly enjoy

Splashing about in the big wooden tub ;

Whilst Mary is waiting to give Tom a rub,

When he comes from the water so nice and so clean,

The sweetest young rascal that ever was seen.

Oh bunny, bunny, bunny,
You funny little bunny,
Why are you eating so fast ?
You gobble, gobble, gobble,
And wobble, wobble, wobble,
I fear your dinner won't last.

Pussy is watching you over the wall,
She would eat up my bunnies, bones and all.

Go away, naughty puss,
And catch your own mice ;
You shan't eat my bunnies
So sleek and so nice.

JESUS, gentle shepherd, take
Thy little lamb to-night,
Into thy kind arms to rest,
Safely until morning light.

Amen.

D

Sleep, dollies, sleep,
You've nothing to do,
You can sleep, if you like,
The live-long day through.

You have no lessons
Like I have to say,
I think I must teach you
Your letters some day.

Be good little children,
And pray do not cry,
Then I will sing you
A sweet lullaby.

Knocker, knocker, prithee say,
Two poor boys are at the door,
They have wandered all the day,
And their feet are very sore.

They have had no food to eat,
They are hungry, weary, sad,
Give them, then, some bread and meat,
Make their little hearts more glad.

Unto such did Jesus say,
Come to me, ye children, poor;
Send them empty not away,
Christ himself stands at your door.

Adolph

What is your name, you young rascal, say?

What have you got in your frock?

What has become of your boot, I pray,

And what have you done with your sock?

Master Adolph, I fear,

Is a tiresome boy,

He has been in the mud it is plain,

He'll have to be scolded,

And sent off to bed,

If he pulls off his stockings again.

How do you do, little Frankie Pankie,
Where are you going to-day?
Quite well, quite well, thankye, thankye,
I'm going away, away,
Over the hills and away.

But what is the use of doggie, doggie,
Why does he wag his tail?
Oh, he's going to chase poor froggie, froggie,
And jump over ditch and rail,
That's why he wags his tail.

But what's to become of me, poor Polly,
What's to become of me;
Oh, you'll stop at home, and take care of dolly,
And boil the kettle for tea,
For Fanny, and doggie, and me.

Come away,

It is May,

The fields are all gay

With butter-cups golden and bright;

Come and play,

Say not nay,

In-doors do not stay,

Whilst nature is breathing delight.

The summer has come, a time of delight,
All things rejoice in the happy sunlight,
The waving corn is a glorious sight,
In summer time, in summer time,

Oh summer, stay with us all the year,
We love thee better than winter drear,
The grasshopper ever chirps joy in mine ear,
In summer time, in summer time.

Come children, haste to the fields away,
In the meadows they're tossing the new-mown hay,
Come away, come and play, all hearts are more gay,
In summer time, in summer time.

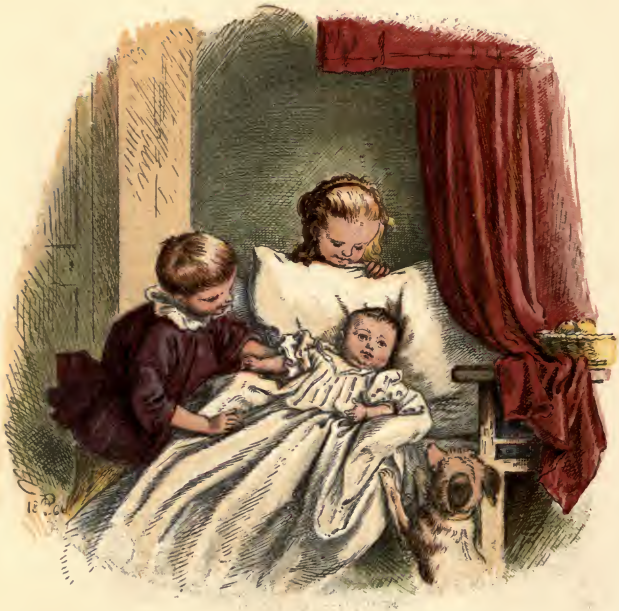
Mary
is cross,
She sits in the
dumps,
Whilst happy
young Lillie
Dances and jumps.

Brother is sulky,
And must go to bed,
Come, let us pull
His hat off his head.

Let us kiss his big ears,
And make a great sound,
Brother, dear brother,
Why don't you turn round.

Mary is tired and must go to bed,
She has finished her supper you see,
She has eaten so much that she lays down her head,
And has taken her doll on her knee.

But first she must put her two dollies away,
Into their cradles to sleep,
Then, to her Father in heaven she'll pray,
His kind watch around her to keep.



F

Kiss me baby, baby boy,
Mother's pet, and mother's joy,
Tiny hands so fat and round,
Sweetest darling ever found.

Little hair upon his head,
Round blue eyes, and cheeks so red;
Dimple in his little chin,
You can put your finger in.

Little baby, full of mirth,
Little baby, new to earth,
Say, what dreams of angel joy,
Have been thine my baby boy.

Brother, are the cakes all done,
The oven's nice and hot,
We'll bake them quickly in the sun
Upon a flower-pot.

Butter and sugar,
Eggs and flour,
Mix well together,
Bake an hour.

Charlie's the baker,
Ethel is cook,
Whilst master blackbird
Does nothing but look.

Patiently dear doggy sits,
Waiting for some little bits,
He likes bread and milk as well
As the little Isabelle.

Wait a bit, you doggy dear,
You shall have some, never fear,
Then we will go out and play,
In the field of new-mown hay.

Little Miss Lilly,

You'd look very silly,

Should nurse come and find you
up there,

Standing on tiptoe,

You would be whipped, so

I think you had better take care.

Twice one is two,
That I think you'll own is true.

Twice two is four,
You cannot make it any more.

Twice three is six,
There is no one contradicts.

Twice four is eight,
So I have been taught of late.

That is all I know to-day,
But twice five I soon shall say.

I can read, and I can spell,
I can hem and sew as well,
I can write upon my slate,
I can count to number eight.

Very diligent children are we,
Johnny is writing a copy in ink,
Nellie is learning some verses I think.

A B C

Pussy, pussy, in the snow,

Take care pussy how you go;

Pussy runs in great affright,

Through the snow in stockings white.

First, a petticoat white and clean,

With points all round and holes between;

Then a frock of muslin new,

Trimmed with ribbon white and blue.

Next, a sash of silk so wide,

Round about her waist is tied;

Then little May is dressed complete,

From little head to little feet.

Will you take coffee,
Or will you take tea?
Do you love toffee,
Or do you love me?

Do you like plum-cake?
I like it too,
Eat some for my sake,
Whilst it is new.

I am a soldier brave,
And ride o'er hill and dale,
A noble horse I have,
Although he has no tail.

My enemies all fly,
Whene'er they see me come,
The ducks cry "quack," as I ride by,
And hasten to their home.

But with my trusty sword,
I'll cut off all their heads;
And then I'll jump the river broad,
And fight the flower-beds.

Ladies and gentlemen all, attend,
I'll tell you a story that knows no end.

When it's wet, it is not dry.
When you're far, you are not nigh.
When it's hot, it is not cold.
When it's full, no more 'twill hold.
When it's night, it is not day.
When you work, you must not play.
When it's day, it is not night.
When it's dull, it is not bright.
When it rains, it does not snow.
When I learn more, you shall know.

Lift with care the saucepan lid,
Whilst the pudding's boiling;
This is what Miss Lizzie did,
Thus the pudding spoiling;

Cook had turned away, you see,
She was not beholding,
But I think you'll all agree,
Lizzie needed scolding.

Spoiling the boiling,
Whilst cook was toiling,
And also soiling
Her pretty new frock.